

THE NANTUCKET REVIEW

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Richard Snyder

Cathy Ackerson

Clinton Keeler

Joseph Gleeson

Ignacio Ortíz-Bello

José Sánchez-Boudy

Mauricio Fernández

John D. Franklin

Duane Ackerson

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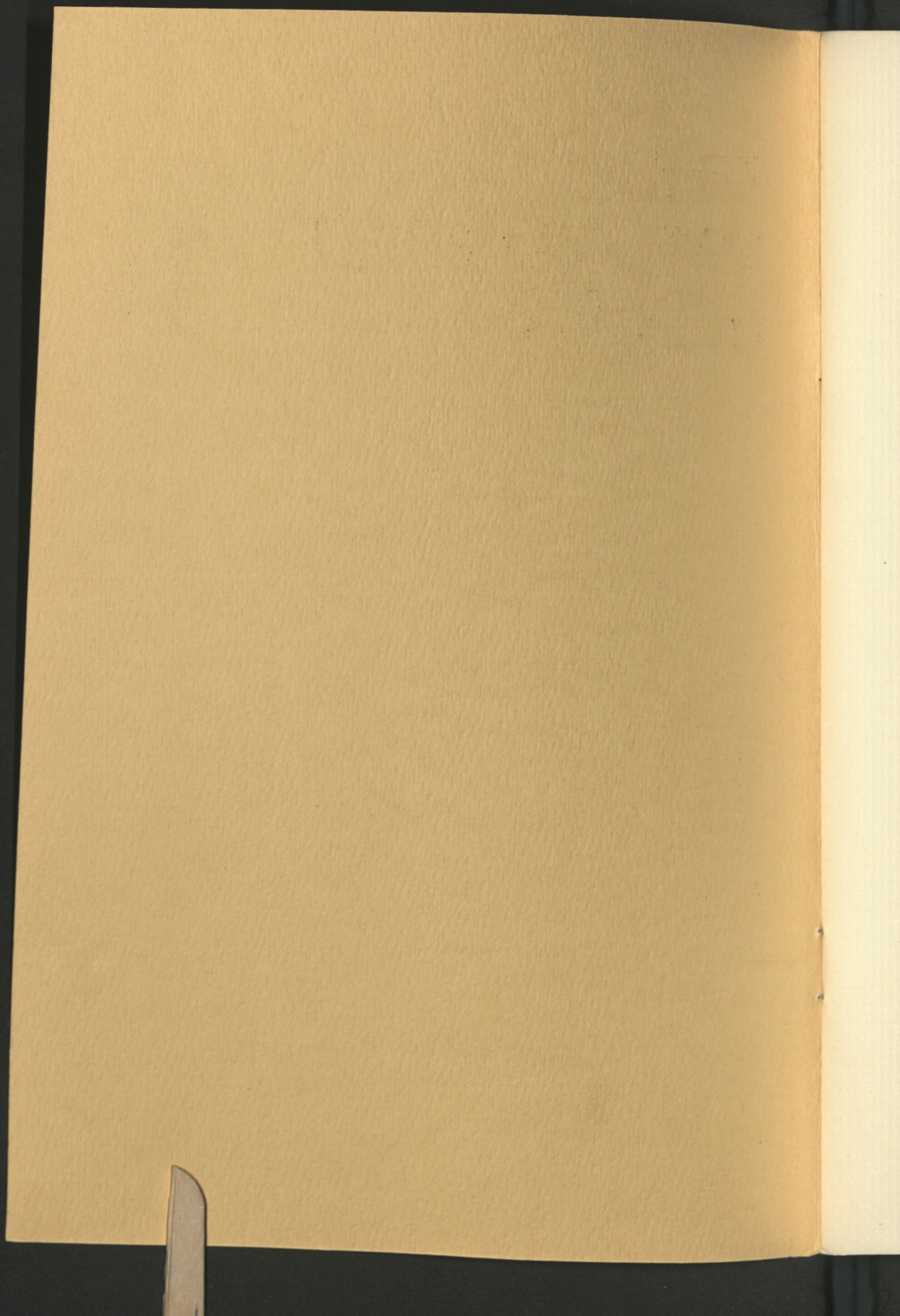
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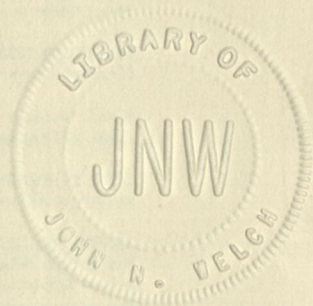
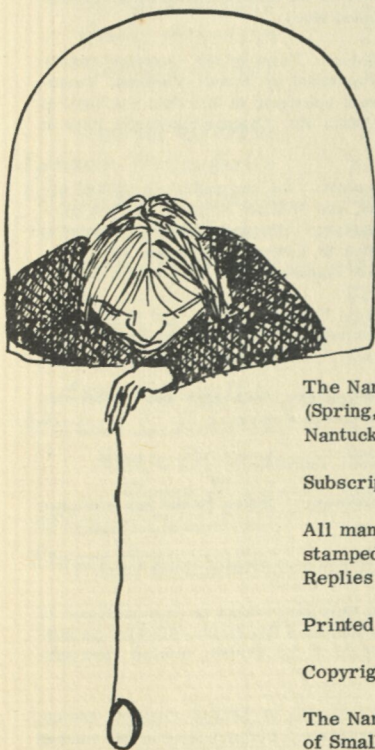


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THE NANTUCKET REVIEW

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PETER WILD has written several books of poems, including *Cochise* which Doubleday published in the fall of 1973. Another volume, *The Cloning*, will appear this fall. He is on the creative writing faculty at the University of Arizona.

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PREFACE

The purpose of this book is to provide a comprehensive survey of the history of the United States from the time of the first settlement to the present. It is intended for use as a text book in the history classes of high schools and colleges.

The book is divided into two main parts. The first part covers the period from the first settlement to the end of the Civil War. The second part covers the period from the end of the Civil War to the present.

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The second part is divided into two main sections. The first section covers the period from the end of the Civil War to the end of the Reconstruction period. The second section covers the period from the end of the Reconstruction period to the present.

The book is written in a clear and concise style. It is intended to be a useful and interesting read for all students of American history.

The book is written by a team of authors who are experts in their respective fields. They have worked together to create a book that is both comprehensive and accessible.

The book is published by a reputable publisher. It is available in both print and electronic formats.

The book is a valuable resource for students of American history. It provides a comprehensive overview of the history of the United States from the time of the first settlement to the present.

The book is a must-read for all students of American history. It is a comprehensive and accessible survey of the history of the United States from the time of the first settlement to the present.

Richard Snyder

THE BUSBOY REMEMBERS STYLE

When I was a busboy, shooting my cuffs
and tugging at my jacket points like some
matador in his suit of lights – and oh so
tough at tilting oblique trays through traffic –
Claude-Casimer Massillon was chef, and
famous for his sauce of temperament.

I think that we enjoyed each other's styles.
Once he drop-kicked a cutlet sent back as
underdone, booted it the length of the
steamtable before returning it to
the grill; when it was served, he stood, portholed,
nodding, smiling, swearing at his patron.

Such élan must have been inherited.
He had a famous grandfather, greatly
removed, whom I looked up just to check him:
(‘...noted preacher, orator, 1663-1742’),
and a town in Ohio (31,000) named for him.
Arдор formerly meant a burning blood.

But he balanced his time at the grill with
frosty intervals in the cooler with
various bar-maidens, whose breaths blew white
when they came out. And he put my Chablis
in a ginger ale bottle because I was
underage for our lobster-claw parties.

That was one of my triumphs: convincing
customers that the claws were poisonous.
Alex, the dishwasher, would salvage them,
and the three of us would hold a feast about
the meatblock, where, late Saturday nights, bow-
tie dangling, I came with pay envelopes.

Richard Snyder

And there he would proportion bills as if
cutting chops from loin: alimony for
the wives, rent, mass for father's soul, and what
he called *gaieté-badinage*. He'd say
that one was feminine, one masculine.
"That's why they each begin with gay and bad."

Then the smile would become a Gallic frown.
He'd puzzle the prayer pile, then add it to
his own. "Père won't mind, I think. Another
time. Purgatory is a gray mountain,
each terrace like the next, like recipes
for life without demonic seasoning."

MY PRAYER TO BRILLIANCE

*Brilliancy is going toward color, not toward
white.* -Robert Henri

Detroit's Institute of Art is a short
cab ride from Henry Ford Hospital, where
our blue-veined daughter lies. This afternoon
she is to have still more tests. Her mother and I

debate, then go to see the Russian show:
Impressionists and Post-Impressionists
lent by The Pushkin and The Hermitage —
Cyrillic script, red flags, like blood slides magnified.

I buy tickets. In my pocket letters
from relatives and friends tell me that we
have their thoughts and prayers by love's proxy.
So I pray by eye to these luminous icons,

for surely they're holy. Each picture, Braque
said, was a gamble on which the artist
staked even his life. We stake as much, more.
So I venerate, supplicate, pray to such praise,

Richard Snyder

and try to translate French titles, but her
dirty disease's triple name intrudes,
whose ugly metaphor is irony.
I turn leaves in my psalter, the show's catalogue.

About suffering they *were* never wrong,
these middle-aged masters. Degas, Monet,
and Pissaro died blind; and arthritic
Renoir painted on and died with "*fleurs*" on his lips,

a final affirmation before his
canvas went white. We've done the gallery
but walk through once more and stop before his
Child With A Whip-backlighted life and youth and health.

Then through darkening Detroit again toward
our whipped, etiolated young woman,
to whom I would transfuse all those colors
and say amen by willing flowers to her lips.

AMONG THE TRIBUTES

This nurse I know at Hannah House (though she
wasn't on the case) said that twice as she
passed his door she saw George Szell, sedated
and dying, with his hands lifted from the
counterpane, conducting - the left hand hushing,
the right beating slow-movement time.

"What was he hearing, do you suppose?
Beethoven? Mozart?" (He had taught us all
such name-dropping at Severance and
at Blossom.) No, I told her; after all,
he had heard them to perfection.
So perhaps he was back to Viennese,
childhood airs, for that would make the
incandescent circle of his life complete.

Richard Snyder

THE IRISH POET PRACTICING HIS SIGHS

for Patrick Kavanagh, late of Dublin

Bloomsbury was Upper Baggot Street, Parson's
at the bridge and Mooney's Pub, where you'd come down
like mythology on the Ulster
Canal from shrubbery Monaghan.

A son of Shancoduff with spade prints on his
boot soles, you were in league with the stones of the
field, and Dublin, being a stony
place, became your proper denouement.

There you untied your poems from your knotted self
and unraveled fraying Dublin into the
bargain, an amorous misanthrope,
a pints of porter Parnassian.

Like the time you and The Brendan called a truce
in your newspaper war, and on the strength of
it would have a drink but could find no
pub for blocks that hadn't barred you both.

So it was back to warring, but I knew you
often under treaty: my daughter's face in
brackets of your hilled-potato hands
when she called you Paddy Coconuts;

The tall sight of you by the swanned canal when
syllables of poetry were lapping, or
walking Wilton Place for images,
like Tinkers stealing Christmas holly;

Or that wet morning in the booksellers when
you moaned and hugged your remaining lung and said
you were a bard practicing his sighs.
And so you were, beyond your pretense.

It was typical: the gesture comic, the
sighs sincere by sickness, poverty, neglect.
Your peasant poems had said as much,
but we were as mute as Dublin stone.

So should you come again, come as a cob on
the Grand Canal, where, after letting busy
barges through the locks, we'll throw crumbs of
kindness while you glide by, mythic, mute.

MY NEIGHBORS MOVE IN CLOUDS OF GRECO BLUE

My neighbors move in clouds of Greco blue,
led on their Saturday walks by the chirm
of their machines, whose movements they construe
they set in motion, but mowers affirm
their independence, for, like all the blind –
their arms outstretched – the owners lag behind.

Oily, clattering gears and gnashing teeth
by their hot energies seem more alive;
they forage, tear, and eat, and then bequeath
animal turds, darkly green, where they devive.
Surely gears and blades have transmogrified
into monsters. And yet all human things –
clothespins, dog bones, toys – resist such chamberings,
as does the green succession its regicide.

Cathy Ackerson

(UNTITLED POEM)

On New Years day
the purple crocuses
open their trumpets
to shout a sweet odor.

ROAD THROUGH NORTH CAROLINA

Each day like each turtle
would turn over, doomed.

We would look back
with regret, forward
with misgivings.

They were unavoidable, though.
We could not change our path
or theirs.

IDAHO

Why is it
that you can see pine
grow in the grove with poplar
and the granite crumble with shale,
yet cannot leave me alone
till I am like you.

REMBRANDT: MONK IN THE CORNFIELD
ETCHING, 1646

Pick out a bland harvest day,
a monk among the peasants,
men sickling some way back
but not in view from this cut edge
where a woman has distanced all the rest.

You, van Rijn, saw it two ways:
fire within (Saskia not long dead),
lines without, ambiguity of bent S's
in earth and air as only a painter
could see them rods away.

Yet could any man
take without a second glance a mass
that seemed a coarse monk's robe
covering one figure lying knees up
and spread, another knees down, trunk up
and hips thrust forward?

Then one makes two,
sight prods the slow eye's mind.
Beside the noon jug and spilled wine
a cleric wish has overcome (or barely met)
a woman's will, braced with talk,
grain to chew, wine – and need.

Conceive a sequel:
Light through Magdalena windows
stains a booth where priest hears confessed
a thing he knows. Watching drops of red
he thinks what art could follow light
through time and glass and back to blood.

Joseph Gleeson

THE FISHERMAN

A mugmist summer,
The blur of heat,
The steaming tomato sun,
August's aureola.
I umbrella the hold
With canvas sacks
And shadow my catch.

I practice silence,
Look for the stone windmill,
Make faces at my bass, my tuna.

Rain passes to my left.
I catch it,
Put a barrel under.
Weather changes off Smoke Beach –
St. Elmo's fire!
The saucer flies from my lap.

Once south of Ennui,
Now West of Passion,
Sevens and snake eyes
Roll the dance of opposites.
Snouts pop above water
And spit a tubercular phlegm,
Eyes ugly with hard black vomit.
My knife misses.

No tongues to wag with,
I touch the fish,
Smell my crotch,
Follow my nose.
I dream of her,
Flora, wife –
She masturbates a flower.
I wake and populate the firmament.
I want to merge
With all living things.

I reach land and home:

Flora Flora

She licks my body of salt,
I listen to her stomach for passwords,
Her mouth is a major adventure,
The texture of indigo pearl.
We feel madly on the bed.

- She cries her ration of tears.

Twelve drops,
A single tear a month.
One tear. One.
There's no faking.

She peels my wet socks,
I clear the drain
Of yesterday's wads of hair and slime.
She sings in the shower,
I wash in her storm.
My tarry hands
Rinse into luck-scarabs.
A streak of seaweed coil
Falls from my coccyx.

I scale the barracuda,
She squeezes her bonito with lemon.
My eyes make her laugh —
The Anthropophagi
Inked Xs on the lids.
I blink on her breasts,
Ambergris rises
In my sperm whale scrotum.
She takes me into her wet fire,
Nuzzling and biting
My fins, my fingers.

Her aura circles Saturn.
She has eaten horrors,
Travelled the Inferno,
Remembered the journey

Joseph Gleeson

Sensation for sensation.
I read her face,
The blue scars on her missing breast.
I too have one eye patched,
Turned inward:
Poseidon rides his chariot,
Reigns the four berserk hot nostrils.
Her words spasm:
Weird symbolist! Speak!

What wanted out comes out
Tapdancing with a blind man's cane.
Our voices are dream flutes,
A rope of notes, belly pianos.
She curls her back
To mimic a turtle.
I fuck her mouth.

The talk flies out of me,
Bouncing up my lungs.
The past enters a hilariously tragic anecdote,
Calliope is as remote as a sampan.
I tell her of Heartbreak Island
And the sea urchins in my ear.
I watercolor in her vast permission –
The dead swimmers
Had shark whistles
Stuck in their throats.

She shows me her red cunt,
I dive into it
For consanguinity,
The tides, the Rain of Blood.
Her ass is the turning ochre moon.
She gives me her cramps,
My ovaries are born.
My mortar fits her pestle.
I want to pour time
Into a sandclock for boiling eggs.

What's mine is with me,
My missing pieces are in my hands!

I watch her sleepwalk,
Hanging my clothes.
I nudge her away from the open cellar.
She squats at the center of the yard,
Four of everything,
Eyes, diamonds, arms, hearts.

In the glow
I shadowbox a dolphin.
I hear a wail from the sea –
My dead mother's mouth!
I run from my love
And brood in the dark waters.

Spring comes.
In town I talk to those
Who touch fruit and dead things,
Gazing at me like their posthumous victims.
I utter a formula,
Masks don't blow away.
My tongue curls like a burnt leaf,
Pins and needles before the stab:
Fish, fisherman, fish!

They beat me back,
Harlequin heads on their hooks.
I use only tridents, nets.
They pick up stones.
Are they her lovers?
At home their children wail obscenities.
I wish the whole world
Had one neck
And I had my hands around it.

Joseph Gleeson

What does she do when I'm gone?
Why do I go?
The seasons, her silence, the boat, the sea,
An itchy pegleg, an unholy restlessness,
An omen from her thighs,
The coughing, the fidgeting.
She could cut me from her heart like a fingernail.

Something out there wants me,
I long to cut a demon's throat,
The garden hose won't stay in my hands,
The land is a dud charge.

An eel rattles in my spine —
The voices!
I listen or go mad.
My father went mad,
Tried to drink the Gulf,
Stop the fog.
He left his going to me,
The amenuensis of his raging spirit.

She calls me:
Telemachus Orpheus Te Amo
And I leave to become
Someone else,
Leaving
With an avalanche in my heart.

I'm with you, she says,
And I'm gone.
One day I will set this boat on fire.

Ocean makes me laugh,
The waves crack jokes for me —
The flood dreams of a drought
I'm inside the storm
With last week's wind
Tucked in.

3 CUBAN POETS

Although they now reside in the United States, all three of the writers whose work is presented here consider themselves Cubans in exile. We are pleased to present their poems in the original Spanish and in English translation. For all three it is the first appearance in English.

Mauricio Fernández and Ignacio Ortiz-Bello are both involved in the Latin American literary activity of Miami, where Fernández — who is considered by many the leader of Cuban surrealist poetry — edits the magazine *Inagan*.

José Sánchez-Boudy is one of the leaders of Cuban literature outside of his native country. He is the initiator of the African-Cuban poetry movement. Twice (once in 1971, again in 1972) he was a finalist for the Premio Planeta, an award presented each year in Spain to the outstanding work in the Spanish language.

Ignacio Ortíz-Bello

(PENSANDO EN CUBA)

*Sobre una palmera verde
mi pensamiento posó,
cansado de volar errante
buscando en lejanas tierras
alma y vida similares
a las que un día dejó.*

*Sobre una palmera verde
que fue sólo una ilusión,
porque por mucho que busque
jamás encontrará otra tierra
como la patria adorada
que llevo en el corazón.*

THINKING ABOUT CUBA

Upon a green palm
my thoughts settled,
tired of fluttering aimlessly
searching in foreign lands for
soul and life similar
to those one day left behind.

Upon a green palm
that was only an illusion,
because no matter how much you search
you will never find another land
like the adored fatherland
I bear in my heart.

translated by Woodrow Moore

José Sánchez-Boudy

(PIÑO-SOL)

Y hay un rayo de sol entre pinares.

*En la mañana de Invierno
el infierno
vistió de soledades.*

Y hay un rayo de sol entre pinares.

*Pero sigue la extensión blancuzca.
Y sueña el viento congelado
sobre el "dogwood" amado.*

*El horizonte es negro buitre
de alas de salitre.
Señala tempestades.*

Y hay un rayo de sol entre pinares.

José Sánchez-Boudy

PINE-SUN

And there is a ray of sun among the pines.
On the morning of winter
hell
was clothed with loneliness.

And there is a ray of sun among the pines.

But the whitish extension continues.
And the frozen wind lies asleep
among the beloved dogwood.

The horizon is black as a vulture
with wings of salt.
It signals tempests.

And there is a ray of sun among the pines.

translated by Woodrow Moore

Mauricio Fernández

POR LA RENUNCIA DE LAS DECISIONES

*Nacimos un año de tantos, con la época en la piel transmitida
como bautizo del fuego que incorpora nuestra fiebre
a los herrajes del camino, todavía ocultos
para los ingénuos paladares no sedientos.*

*Fueron minúsculas partículas, compañeras de las primeras aventuras
por calles incrustadas en geografías locales
— comunicación terrestre de sudores colectivos;
encuentros fortuitos de memorias ya dispersas en el pavimento.*

*Ambiente de cálidas sugerencias, cautivó el nervio
hacia las enredaderas sombreadas del placer.
Todo contribuyó al calor de las venas
aún vírgenes de experiencias subterráneas.*

*Fuentes tropicales dieron nombre al destello atmosférico
que contienen los huesos de la alquimia solar
(participación limitada del eclipse, como anunciación póstuma
ante el amanecer que despierta el origen de los sentidos).*

*Y la mañana comienza, esparciendo el rocío
que humedece las huellas de anteriores pasos
donde se unen los perfiles
en la culminación de la palabra: testimonio creciente.*

*Posturas de amplias consecuencias
recorren los íntimos vestigios ya emancipados
para comprometer las voces que surgen
en el laberinto enmarcado, por la renuncia de las decisiones.*

Mauricio Fernández

UPON THE RENUNCIATION OF DECISIONS

We were born in no particular year, yet with a whole epoch
transmitted through our skin
like a fiery baptism which ingested our fever
from the shackles of the road, hidden still
like our own ingenious non-thirsty palates.

There were tiny particles, mates of the first adventures
through streets full of local geographics
– terrestrial communication of collective perspirings;
furtive encounters of memories already spread on the pavement.

Ambience of torrid suggestions captivated the nerve
towards the creeper shadowed with pleasures.
Everything contributed to the heat of the veins –
still virgins to underground experiences.

Tropical fountains give names to the atmospheric scintillations
that contain the bones of the solar alchemy
(limited participation of the eclipse, like the posthumous examination
in front of a dawn that awakens the origin of the senses).

And the morning begins spreading a dew
that moistens the prints of previous steps
where the profiles unite
in the culmination of the word: the crescendo of testimony.

Pastures of ample consciences
tour the ultimate vestiges already emancipated
to compromise the voices which surge
in the framed labyrinth because of the renunciation of decisions.

translated by Hortensia Ruiz del Vizo and Jim Carlett

Mauricio Fernández

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UPON THE RENUNCIATION OF DECISIONS

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transmitted through our skin
like a fiery baptism which ingested our fever
from the shackles of the road, hidden still
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through streets full of local geographics
– terrestrial communication of collective perspirings;
furtive encounters of memories already spread on the pavement.

Ambience of torrid suggestions captivated the nerve
towards the creeper shadowed with pleasures.
Everything contributed to the heat of the veins –
still virgins to underground experiences.

Tropical fountains give names to the atmospheric scintillations
that contain the bones of the solar alchemy
(limited participation of the eclipse, like the posthumous examination
in front of a dawn that awakens the origin of the senses).

And the morning begins spreading a dew
that moistens the prints of previous steps
where the profiles unite
in the culmination of the word: the crescendo of testimony.

Pastures of ample consciences
tour the ultimate vestiges already emancipated
to compromise the voices which surge
in the framed labyrinth because of the renunciation of decisions.

translated by Hortensia Ruiz del Vizo and Jim Carlett

José Sánchez-Boudy

MAR DE PIÑO

¡Oh mar de piño!

Brazos que imploran al obscuro cielo.

Brazos de yesca.

Mar con destino

de soledad y de parca en el camino.

Aflora muy cercano

el techo blanco

de un invierno inhumano.

¡Oh mar de piño!

con tu quietud inerte

con tus ondas de muerte

¡Oh mar perenne de Las Carolinas!

mar, mar de salinas,

¡Oh mar de yesca y lava!

Mar, mar,

Mar sin aldabas

¡Oh mar de piños!

SEA OF PINE

A sea of pine!
Branches that implore an obscured heaven
With fingers of tinder.

A sea of destiny
Of solitude and abandoned death
A sea of blossoms closed in
By a white roof of sharp needle-toothed winters.

A sea of pine,
Inertly still
Silent waves of death
An enduring sea over the Carolinas;
A salted sea of tears,
A lava strewn sea of torches,
A sea, a sea,
A sea crushing boundlessness,
A sea, a sea of pine!

translated by Woodrow Moore

T-O-M-M-Y

Tom sits alone in the watchman's shack. He is the nightman at Reed's Downtown Parking Lot. Just a few moments ago the 9:59 Express to Philly passed and Tom focused his eyes on one of the knotholes in the wall. He wonders if he should tell Carol about his thoughts concerning that knothole, how it reminds him of a treefort he once built. But he isn't sure how to spell knothole and he doesn't want to look foolish to Carol.

He would have omitted the k, unless someone first mentioned "knife" or "know". He imagines a teacher trying to sweat an answer out of him. *I close my eyes real hard and make her think I'm trying, why does she scare me all the time?* 'N-o-t-h-o-l-e,' no, that's not right, she's going to tell me to do it again, slower. No, Tom will not tell Carol about the knothole.

Carol is Tom's girlfriend. She lives in Florida. He has been writing this letter to her in between customers:

Dear Carol,

Tonight it is cold and I am thinking of you. Hardly any parkers tonight and I am hoping Mr. Reed will let me keep all the money like he does sometimes. He will be here about 10:30 like usual and I hope he brings the gun again. We had a lot of fun last night shooting it at the billboard up on the railroad tracks. Its about thirty yards away and they put up a new picture today about Marlboro cigarettes. I didn't think I could spell cigarettes, but I just looked at the sign. Pretty smart, heh?

Anyway the old sign was from a long time ago with a picture of this guy what ran for election. I think he won. I got to shoot out his teeth because Mr. Reed all ready shot all most everything else. That picture sure had a lot of holes in it! I hope I can shoot tonight becauese I decided to shoot the cigarette right out of the cowboy's mouth and I bet you I can do it to. I got a lot of practice.

How are you? I bet its warm in Florida tonight and you probabally went swimming today. You lucky stiff! Oh I want to tell you something before I forgot. This guy came in tonight and said he wanted to leave his car for two days. He was going into the city on the train. You shuld see his car and was he dressed nice. A Caddy with everything. He gave me \$5.00 if I

would keep a good eye on it. Wow!'. Except he took the keys or I should go for a ride in it for sure. Maybe to Florida. But I put the extra \$5.00 in my pocket and I'm not going to tell Mr. Reed. I don't have to. He said it was for me right? Now it's later and Mr. Reed will be here soon. I just had two customers come back from the movies. I'll finish this later.

Tom is so proud of himself for spelling the word cigarette, that he laughs as he writes it. He could have spelled Cadillac, too, by running outside to look for the word on the car. But he figures it is too cold, and the car is on the far end of the lot. "Caddy" is fine.

There is no Carol. In fact, there are few humans in Tom's life; only Mr. Reed, his sister Ann, and her husband Charles. Tom lives with his sister and brother-in-law. A few of the regular customers know him by name, and they might even say a few words to Tom, like "Nice day, heh, Tommy?" or "Looks like rain." But none of these is his friend; at least not as Tom thinks a friend ought to be.

So he imagined Carol and asked her to be his pen pal. He got the idea from a guy across the street in the luncheonette. This guy was reading a newspaper out loud when Tom walked in. "It's about these two people who get married after being pen pals for fifteen years, see? And get a loada this, says they got divorced before even a year was up on accounta they couldn't stand each other. Whaddya think of them apples? Probably told each other they were Clark Gable and Lana Turner and then found out they were more like Lassie and Rin Tin Tin, heh, heh, heh."

That same night, Tom wrote his first letter to Carol on a blank page at the back of a paperback book that Mr. Reed had left in the shack. Tom couldn't think of a friend's name, so he used the name of the book's protagonist, Carol. The Carol in the novel was a Carol that used to be a Carl, but Tom didn't know that. He doesn't read books.

That first letter to Carol said this:

Dear Carol,

My name is Tom Milligan and I heard you want a pen pal. Will I be o.k.? I live in New Brunswick, New Jersey. I work with cars and maybe one day I could drive to Florida to see you. Write back and tell me.

Tom J. Milligan

John D. Franklin

That was almost a year ago. Since then he has written over a hundred letters to Carol. He keeps them in his room at home. Tom has a special system he's devised for mailing these letters. After he writes one, he puts it in an envelope and addresses it to Carol West, 1124 Hickory Lane, Miami, Florida. He even stopped in the Post Office one day to find out the zip code for Miami. Then he draws a stamp in the corner with a pencil, and puts the letter in the bottom drawer of his dresser. A few days later, he delivers the letter to Carol by saying, "Good morning, Miss West. Here's another letter from your boyfriend in New Jersey," and he transfers the letter from his dresser to a shoebox under the bed.

His sister reads most of them but Tom doesn't know this. She doesn't want to gossip or betray her brother, she doesn't even tell her husband she reads them. She just wants to know what Tom is up to in case she has to prevent him from hurting himself. When she learned that Tom was saving his money, she became worried and told Charles. She can't find the hidden money. Tom hides it in a coffee can under the floor boards of the shack. As of tonight he has saved \$236.76.

Here comes Mr. Reed. It is 10:35. Tom can see him a block away through one of the knotholes, and is getting excited thinking about the gun. He has to take a leak, too. Hanging on a nail behind the stool is a shower hose, the kind used to slip over a bathtub nozzle to convert to a shower. Tom puts his penis in the blue rubber funnel and quickly takes it out. It is too cold. He warms the funnel by holding it in front of the heater. He tries it again, and not only is it not cold any longer, it is better than he expected. It's fun. He relieves himself down through the hose and out another knothole into the cold cinders. When Tom first took the job here, he asked Mr. Reed about where to go to the bathroom and Mr. Reed explained that Tom couldn't leave the shack even for that, because the customers' keys were hanging right there on the keyboard and what if someone waltzed right in and took them all?

"Hey, Tommy. Open up, willya?"

"Just a minute, Mr. Reed." Mr. Reed likes Tom, likes him a lot. Best goddamned nightman I ever had, he'd tell you. Of course, he knows Tom is somewhat retarded and he pities him,

but he likes him; besides Tom is dependable, pleasant and honest.

"Come on, Tommy. I'm freezing my nuts off out here." It is indeed cold, in the twenties, and the bleak atmosphere of the lot and the elevated trestle do weird things with the wind, making the night sounds compete with their own echoes.

Inside the shack is rough going for two people. It isn't much bigger than a phone booth. There is the stool in one corner, an old radio, a kleenex box and some receipt stubs in a pad. Under the shelf is the electric heater, a cardboard box for waste paper, and a dozen or so of Mr. Reed's dirty novels.

Tom unlatches the door and steps out, allowing Mr. Reed easy access to the stool, then follows his boss inside.

"Much action, Tommy?" Tom is looking to see if the gun is in his pocket. He spills out his change for Mr. Reed to count.

"Did you see the new picture outside, the cowboy one?" Mr. Reed raises a hand for Tom to be quiet a second while he counts coins, stacking them in units of dollars. "It's brand new today."

"Eleven dollars aaaand twenty-five cents. Don't hardly pay the electricity. You want the quarters or the small stuff?"

"Quarters are fine."

"Twenty-five, fifty, ah there, you take the extra quarter."

"Thanks, Mr. Reed."

"It won't get me to heaven but at least I can put a sawbuck on Irish Pride tomorrow. Wanna split a double, Tommy?"

"No thanks. I'm not lucky and neither are you."

"Well put, well put." Sometimes Tom makes Mr. Reed blush with his simplicity. He always asks Tom if he'd like to place a bet, and has even spent considerable time explaining several systems to him. But Tom would never bet, and Mr. Reed doesn't really expect him to. On days when Mr. Reed makes a few bucks at the track, he'll let Tom keep most of the night receipts. "The Caddy an overnigher?"

"Two days." Tom is nervous about the extra five dollars.

"Shit, half the receipts on one customer. Oh well."

"I got five dollars here extra from the man, the man with the Cadillac, but he said it was for me."

"And you don't want to share it?"

"He said it was just for me, for keeping a good eye on it."

"You planning to sit here for two days with your eyes on that car? You don't work but the nights, Tommy. Who's gonna keep an eye on it during the day?"

"I don't know but he said it was just for me."

"Tell you what. He gave it to you special, right? But it's my lot here, right? And you only work half time, just the evenings. So why not say, hey, I got an idea. Let's you and me go out to the track tomorrow and put in a daily double? How's that sound? Fair enough? Might just make that five into something worth splitting."

Tom is confused. He doesn't want to bet. He'd rather save his half for Carol. But he feels Mr. Reed is being fair. And the races could be fun.

"I've never been to the races before."

"Atta baby, Tommy. We'll bust the bank. Now what you say you and me show that cowboy fella how us Jersey dudes can handle ourselves?"

The gun spits ragged bursts of yellow at the billboard. At this hour the underpass and adjoining streets are empty and the only possible intruder might be a cop, one of Mr. Reed's friends. Tom waits impatiently for his turn, squinting at the tiny cardboard craters raised by the fresh shots. He takes the gun and shoots. Five shots and reloads. He expects blood to gush and he sees it, the billboard bleeding a wave of red that rushes down the trestle and covers his feet in warmth. The cowboy is bleeding, the horse is bleeding, the mountains are bleeding, the sky is bleeding. Tom is infatuated with his destructive force. It is the first time he can remember such power, such rightness, such lack of fear. If only, he thinks, if only he had such courage when Charles tears into him, berating him, treating him like a pet dog.

The gun is an extension of impulse that clouds his insides and confuses his words. But the gun never stutters, no second thoughts. Now Tom needn't speak, the gun does all the talking. Shouts with more passion than Tom could ever muster, more confidence, and with colors. Oh, the colors mean so much to Tom.

The cowboy, a dream scene pasted on a billboard, for all who drive by to secretly admire, thinking of that cabin they would build if only they could get a few breaks and put aside some money, tell the boss to go to hell, the family too, if they won't under-

stand - it is all in the cowboy's face, a soft big sky grin. New Jersey can not threaten him. New Jersey is a joke, a dude. He has met New Jerseys all his life and whupped them all. He can not hear the commuter trains flash by with gin rummy tables on four human legs, he can not smell the low weather that hangs in the streets, unable to rise from weariness, and if he could, somehow it would all be a joke, an amusement for tourists.

Tom shoots another clip, and another. Mr. Reed is amazed with his accuracy. Mr. Reed sees a target. Tom sees much more, a reality that he's been battling all his life without success, without knowing the first thing about self-defense. It is the cowboy's complacency that irks Tom, a composite complacency of real people. It's as if all the power in the world couldn't stop that cowboy from having a smoke. Tom wants to stop him, prevent that pleasure at the expense of others. The cabin dreamers envy the cowboy, Tom despises him.

"That's enough, Tommy. C'mon. Let's lock up and get going." Tom wants to ask if he can take the gun home with him, but he knows what the answer must be and remains silent. "Meet me here around noon and we'll have a time of it at the track tomorrow."

Tom walks home using his index finger to shoot out his thoughts. He smashes windows and blows up cars. He holds a fire hydrant in fear, begging it capitulate to his supremacy. Say Uncle and I'll let you go. Pow, pow, bam.

At home, Ann and Charles are waiting for Tom. They have something to ask him. They want to help. Charles, hearing of Tom's method of writing letters and sending them to Carol, wants to write a letter to Tom and ask him about all the money he's saving, signing the letter Love Carol.

"Hi, Tommy. You're a little late tonight."

"Why are you waiting up? What did I do?"

"Nothing. We just want to talk is all. We never talk much. Not all three of us. Want some coffee?" Tom doesn't like these late meetings. They usually mean he's in some trouble. He stands as far away from Charles as possible, trying to read his sister's face. "Just ask him and let's go to bed," says Charles.

"No," shouts Tom. "No, I don't want to talk." He makes them into a billboard, two people in a rowboat on a lake, smoking

John D. Franklin

cigarettes. Pow, bam bam, the boat explodes.

"Sit down when you're spoken to." Tom farts and runs upstairs yelling, "Air raid, air raid."

"Cut out the balling, Annie. The kid's a flippo. What do you want me to do? I know he's your brother. I'll go see this whatshisname, Reed? tomorrow. Maybe he knows something about the money."

Tom dreams. The gun sticks out from a knothole in the wall of a flying treefort. He is inside eating the bullets, gunning down buildings and people. Each scene is a billboard and they are lined along a railroad track, shoulder to shoulder like a grotesque outdoor museum that stretches all the way to Miami. Tom gets off a train, dressed like a commuter, gets into a station wagon. Carol is driving. They are very rich but Tom shares his money with Mr. Reed. Annie and Charles are two big ears planted in the front yard, trying to hear what Tom says to Carol inside their house. One day, Tom accidentally mows down the two ears while cutting the grass. He is swimming. The water comes right up to the house, and there is a huge diving board that Tom built. But the house is not a house at all. It is the parking lot shack. Tom and Carol live inside and swim every day. He writes letters to Mr. Reed every day asking about the gun. Tom dies in first grade and Mrs. Shields brings his coffin to class for show 'n tell. Blood is leaking out on to the floor. Tommy has to mop up the blood during recess, while the others play. He cries and gets the mop and pail. Then he sees the flying treefort pass by the window, shattering the glass. He gets hit. It is a great dying scene copied from the movies. He dies during recess.

"Ready?"

"Sure am."

"I feel lucky today, Tommy. I just know you're gonna bring me luck. We'll catch the bus over on Cleveland. Goes right to the front gate and we can study the charts on the way. I'll show you how to read the past performances. Gotta look at the times, and no outsiders. If a horse is new, never raced here before, we skip that baby right by, know what I mean?"

At the curb in front of Kirby's Drugs, a crowd of men waited for the bus to Aqueduct. Each had a folded paper, something to write with, and some kind of tobacco sticking out of his mouth. It was a varied bunch, from guys in old overcoats hoping to hit the first race and quit, to crisply tailored business-men, men with many rings and clean fingernails, Tom noticed.

Mr. Reed was well known to this bunch, a steady rider. Many of these boys would make the daily trek to either Aqueduct or Belmont, and, depending on their luck, possibly head right for the night trotters at Roosevelt or Yonkers. Mr. Reed was strictly a flats man, no trotters for him. "Too many brother acts out there scratching each other's backs. And I swear that sonuvabitch Altobelli would box out his mother for a fifty cent purse!"

Among the boys was a group of four deaf mutes, friends of Mr. Reed, and he introduced Tom to them at once. Tom had never seen a deaf mute before. And when he learned that they talked with their fingers, he felt an immediate closeness to them. On the bus Tom learned from the oldest of the deaf mutes, how to say hello, goodbye, and my name is Tom. He was glad he was going to the track.

Even before the bus came to a stop, the men were on their feet, ready for the dash to the windows. A forty-minute bus-ride created much anxiety and a personal list of winners, regardless of the method employed to handicap. The four deaf mutes were the deans of the bettors and were given priority in debarkation. Then followed Mr. Reed and Tom.

"C'mon, Tommy. Only eight minutes to post."

Inside, forty thousand people jostled for the privilege of losing money. Tom was at first frightened, but Bemmy, the older mute, took care to see to Tom's frustrations. He took Tom down on the apron, away from the lines at the windows, to show him the tote board and the green infield with its lovely landscaping. It reminded Tom of pictures he had seen of Florida, green with flowers, a lake, and birds. But the tote board was a complete mystery and Bemmy had a difficult time explaining with the limits of his fingers and Tom's comprehension. Before long, Tom realized that all those numbers meant money. Learning this, he wanted to know if Bemmy had ever been on an airplane, and if so, did he

know how much it cost to fly to Florida. Bemmy understood Tom's waving arms, the indication of airplanes, but he could not understand the part about Florida, so he gave Tom a small pad and pencil to write his words. "How much does it cost to fly to Florida?" Tom wrote. Bemmy said about \$200 and drew a large circle in the air to indicate round trip. Tom realized he had more than enough to leave right now, and the friendship of Bemmy seemed to be the beginning of something for Tom; not a thunderclap of newness as much as an uncovering of possibilities that had always existed. Tom was excited about his whole day. How different it was from all the others, the routine of waiting for Charles to leave the house, then coming down to breakfast with Annie, spending the entire day with her before going to work at the parking lot. But Annie, the thought of her, so like mother, hurt. Tom thought there must be differences in people, great differences, degrees of like and dislike, and in the case of Charles, hate.

Tom felt at ease now among the crowd; all those faces and each with a potential kind word for him, each a different interpretation of eating breakfast and going to work, sleeping. He wanted to know them all and tell them all about himself.

Mr. Reed returned from the betting lines with a fistful of tickets. "Showing him the ropes, Bemmy? Good man. Here, Tommy. You put these in your pocket and think hard about winning. I wheeled Irish Pride in the double . . . you know what a wheel is?"

"No." Tom's wide eyes told Mr. Reed that he was enjoying himself, that that was more than sufficient for a first day's outing.

"You just think of Irish Pride. Think green."

The horses broke from the gate. The crowd seemed to pulse with the rhythm of Tom's heart. His excitement, however, was with the cheers of the crowd, not the horses. From the rail little could be seen of the race, but Tom heard the name Irish Pride. Think green, he thought. What fun. And Bemmy! My God, look at Bemmy and his friends jabbering away with quick fingers and spastic grunts that sounded to Tom like Charles going to the bathroom.

The natural crest of excitement, like a huge chest holding its breath, let loose with a sigh as the horses passed in front of Tom. Someone, a stranger, elbowed Tom and said, "Looked like Little Lillian to me. Was it Little Lillian?"

"My name is Tom Milligan," said Tom smiling. The stranger looked him over.

"What is this, freebie day for the Boy Scouts?"

A great debate swept through the crowd. It was either Irish Pride or Little Lillian. The tote board flashed "Photo."

"From New Brunswick," said Tom to the stranger.

"And I'm Santa Claus from the North Pole. Beat it, kid."

Tom withdrew, confused. He didn't want to be near that man any longer. The more he thought about him, he was reminded of Charles, and that same sarcastic way of speaking; the indifference.

"Hey, Tommy. Over here." It was Mr. Reed. "Jesus, Tommy, don't walk off like that or I'll lose you. Hey, gimme the tickets. Irish Pride took first so we got a sure double. You got 'em?"

"Sure. Here. A man scared me."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I said my name and he talked fresh to me for no reason."

"Hey listen. Bemmy's looking for you. See him over there? Go tell him you're o.k. He's worried you got lost. And Tommy, don't worry about that man. He didn't mean to hurt you. If he knew you he wouldn't have scared you."

They stayed for seven races and caught the early bus home. Tom had ten dollars in his pocket, half of the daily double. He didn't bet any other times on Bemmy's advice. Mr. Reed dropped forty. Bemmy promised to stop by the parking lot some day and say hello to Tom. They shook hands at the drug store. Bemmy treated to a milk shake. Tommy said goodbye in sign language and walked to the parking lot with Mr. Reed.

"So what did you think? Have a good time?"

"Real good, Mr. Reed. Me and Bemmy are friends."

"He's a good man to have on your side," said Mr. Reed.

"A fine gentleman, that Bemmy."

"Can I ask you something?" said Tom.

"Sure. What's bothering you?"

"Well, like that man today, how do you know which people are nice and which ones aren't? I mean like how do you know who can be friends?"

John D. Franklin

Before Mr. Reed could answer, Tom stopped walking. He saw Charles waiting for him at the parking lot. Tom looked at Mr. Reed's pockets.

"Do you have the gun?"

"What are you talking about? Of course not. What's the matter?"

Tom began to cry. Charles would beat him up, take away his money. He had to kill him. He could feel the fists, the welts rising on his face. Annie couldn't prevent it, nor Carol, nor Mr. Reed. He would have to defend himself. He thought the gun and the new feelings would change things. And the track confirmed these feelings. Hadn't he made friends, seen other people? Wasn't there more to his experience than simply Annie and Charles? He would kill Charles and go to Florida. His mind was made up.

"That's my brother-in-law waiting at the shack."

"Are you in trouble, Tommy?"

"He hates me."

"Well, don't worry, I'll explain about the track."

"I'm waiting here," said Tom. "You tell him he'd better not hurt me."

Mr. Reed crossed the street and introduced himself to Charles. Then he pointed to Tommy and Tom felt betrayed. Charles was holding Tom's coffee can of savings and making wild gestures with his arms. He looked stupid to Tom, trying to talk sign language like Bemmy. All Charles could say with his hands was, "I'll kill you, you stupid little bastard."

Annie walked towards Tom and convinced him to come home in the car. She walked Tom to the car. Charles was waiting behind the wheel. Tom watched Mr. Reed out the rear window as they pulled away. He pointed his finger deep into the vinyl of the driver's seat behind Charles and killed him. Killed him several times. Killed him and killed him 'til his finger hurt from the pressure. He watched as the floor filled with Charles' blood. To his knees and chest, the whole car filled with blood. Then Tommy rolled down the window and swam to Florida and found Carol. They fished every day and caught horses.

Tom learned to smoke. They took his picture and put it on billboards endorsing cigarettes. c-i-g-a-r-e-t-t-e-s, n-o-t-h-o-l-e-s, C-a-r-o-l, C-h-a-r-l-e-s.

SPRING LANDS HER CARGO AT THE WRONG AIRPORT

The green balloon.
It comes down,

spills apart,
a puffball of lime sherbet:

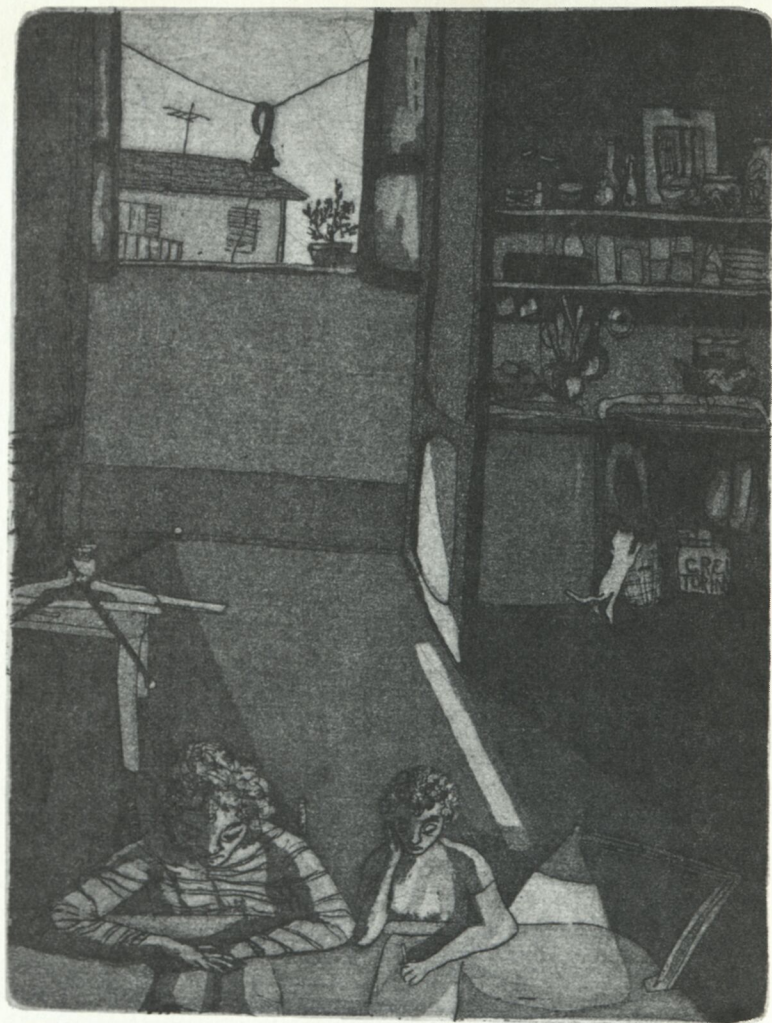
one burst of green light
exploding into yellow ghost flowers,
dying like flares in desert air.

A GLASS OF MILK

Liquid cow:
see that your children drink it.
See that they grow up tall and green
as grass,
with complexions suitable for billboards;
let your childrens' faces,
larger than life,
graze on wooden legs
among the tall grass.

THE 1928 SILENT MOVIE "MYSTERIOUS LADY"

While they strip the German officer Karl
of his honor for having fallen
for Greta Garbo,
spilling Army secrets
(and incidently, his seed),
the drumsticks move slowly,
blurring slightly
as if seen through a mist,
a friendly officer stands watching
a monocle caught in his eye
like a giant tear.



Via Serragli

Robin Jones



Wauwinet House

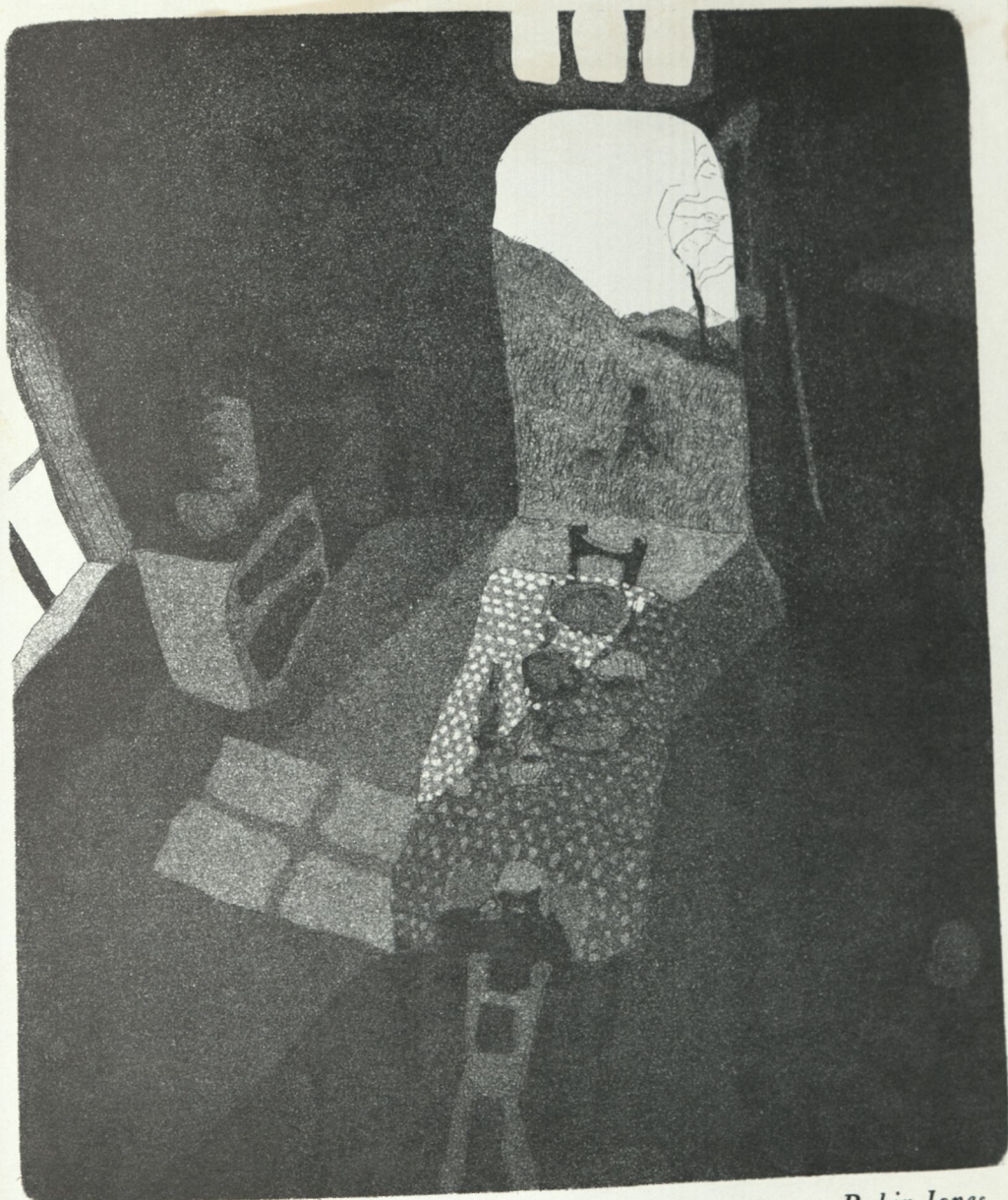
Robin Jones



Alexander's Apartment

Robin Jones

Cou



Country House

Robin Jones

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

For months I roll in my queensize bed
as he on the sea, wake
in the night with my hands plunging
like rudders between my thighs.
He dreams of golden circles,
the deepsea creature's dim recollection

of sunlight. He comes home.
His heart is weighted with water, his hair
silver-scaled and though
he is salt-blind and coarse as the gull's
voice I know him

at once. I ask him
to bathe. He does so because
my foaming hands are voracious.
He comes home. His heart is white and iced
with salt. I'm hot and steaming for him
like new potatoes. His pores

are rich with fish, for many days
they swim out over my body.
At first my touch burns
him strangely like jagged grass.
At first he doesn't say much

he's used to the sounds of the moon.
He comes home and calls me *Agua Agua*
until he recovers
the texture of flesh between his teeth.
A blanket of oxygen bullets

blasts him out of a deep sleep.
And then the weaving and staining of limbs!
I drink him helplessly
as one who drowns.
He comes home and we walk into town

drunk on our blood. When he looks
at me he wonders where I come from
if not the sea. Gulfs
wash blue between us, all that I see
is seamed like the shoreline.

At night in the darkness
he drifts down to the water to wash himself.
I feed the plants. Questions die on the wind.
He thinks like a fish, he sinks
no hooks for the watery mouths
of my Sunday lovers. I know nothing

of distances travelled
between stars, or the way the Sirens
caress him with emerald arms.
He comes home and I draw him around me
like folds of skin. His thrust

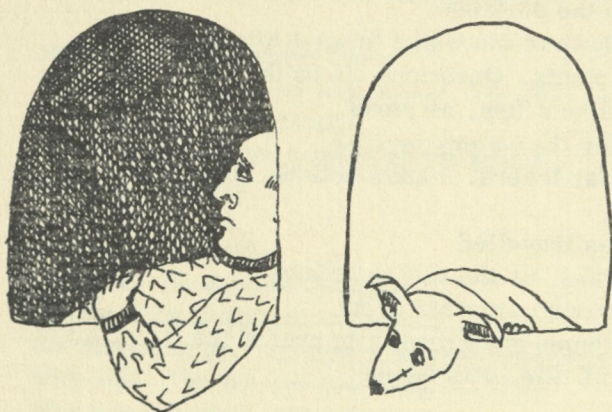
is lightening, I pour down diamonds.
The fourth night or the fifth
he gives me seed. I carry it firmly
up and down mountains steep with words
during the clean black months

he skins the sea.
He comes home and at first
he doesn't know me, my eyes are impossible
as early morning. His voice erupts
like foghorns wordlessly

hooked to the sea.
On the second day we wake easy.
His lips and hands have discovered a rhythm
distinct from the waves.
I remember his name: Peter

Anne Valley Fox

Jonah, Ulysses. But once I speak it
he sails away. I plant myself
in the turning glass doors of the ground.
My fisherman gone to his mistress.
For many months I gauge his approach
through the fog's swollen throat.



Michael L. Johnson

WEeping LADY

One tear
slips slowly down
your cheek, reflects this room's
hard lines as soft enclosing curves
that quite befit a world
encompassed by
your grief.

Michael L. Johnson

LETTER TO A YOUNG POET

You say you

want

to WRITE

like

(you know

Charles

Olson:

well

I'll

tell you

(you know

you can't

make it new

until

you've made it old, can't

make a bull

from handlebars

until

you've mastered the old masters' STYLE

KEEP MOVING

"There are certain techniques applicable to both spinning and fly casting. The most important is to keep moving. Ninety percent of the water contains no fish."

Ninety percent of the fish
contain no mushrooms;
ninety percent of the hills
harbor no Sioux;
ninety percent of the air
offers no acrobats;
and much of the world at large
sports no you.

Ninety percent of the soup
supports no alphabet;
ninety percent of the clouds
carry no planes;
ninety percent of the rooms
include no featherbeds;
and I'm shocked at how little of you
the world contains.

Annie Dillard

THE POETRY OF THE FACT

from a letter to *Sports Illustrated* by James P. Lewandowski,
Toledo, Ohio, February 18, 1974

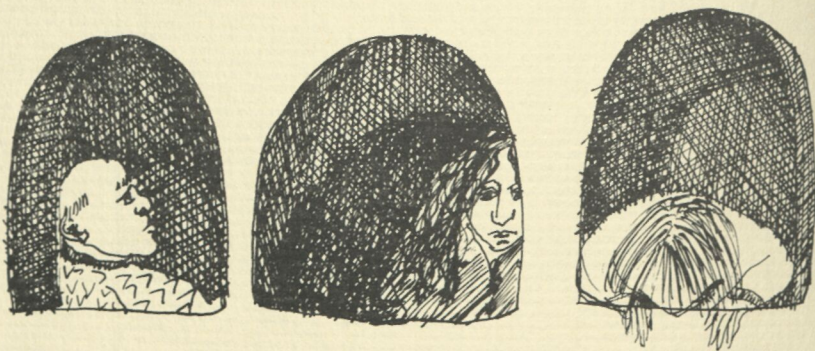
We are not interested
in tree limbs weighted with Spanish moss.
What we want to know is
why arms go limp.

Is it the pain of blocking too many hooks?
Is it the aching that comes
from throwing too many punches too soon?

We want facts,
not French phrases.

THE IDEALIST

Ahead are the peaks,
brown hair growing over virgins,
that toward evening skin imprinted
on the melting barrel of your gun take flight, hungry
hawks leaving their branch of the earth.
you spend the night, arms wrapped
around your lover, a finger
that smells like a cigarette, to
awake in the morning, alarmed,
the hairy dogs rising from their puddles,
from the whirlpools at your feet,
already flapping off like walruses
across the hard altiplano toward the sunset.



IN MEXICO

In Mexico they hitch the pelicans
to the boats to pull them in
straining the birds lean
dig their feet in and
go chug chug chug
all the way up the beach.
the boys stand around fingers in their navels
eating bananas.

farther back
it begins snowing in the streets of the rich
teenage girls flap their stubby wings,
fly against the fenestrations,
ghosts in
crinoline soaring through caverns.
up on the patio of the Buena Vista Hotel
sailors shout down praises
curse, and tip back their thumbs,
feet propped in their mistresses' armpits.
hours later when everyone
is dead asleep, and the moon dragging its shroud
swoons out of the cobble mountains,
there they are, the charcoal sledges,
ticks on noses hanging from the steeples.



Michael Crawford

SLEEP

Mother re-inhabits the egg of her salvation.
Water moccasins rasp her shell all night
with limbo tongues.

Weddingshirts sail out from the moon,
the widower spits in the sea.

Far up in the light shaft of the dream,
someone hovers above the children of gravity;
it is the wandering father, loose
in the last hour of his life,
passing through the transparent
bodies of the monastery,
searching for the bridal gown
buried in the trunk in the attic.

When we turn in our sleep,
looking for the body that is not there,
the body we set on the shore
to give its rhythm to the tide,
we find a broken cornfield dark
with shadows
fleeing crows have left.

Michael Crawford

EPITHALAMIUM FOR LAZARUS

Under the hemlocks
heavy with crows asleep in the next life,
the fisherman's shack bristles with moonlight.

The open door;
trout scales glitter on the threshold;
the red-haired woman rides the appaloosa wild
 into the arms of roaring creek –
their manes tangled in heaven's roots.

The lover swims through the dream,
passes back through the reed in stillwater,
into the body.

This night there is a silence
in which the lovers' shadow whispers,
moving through cricket-grass.
But there is another shadow the lovers cast
which does not fall to the earth –
a shadow that rises like wind taken into the blood –
blood that sings through its tidal orbits.

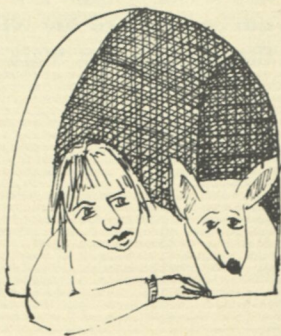
The grandfathers, forgotten, sleep on through the storms,
wake up and feel around for their wings;
the bride swings from the hemlock limb,
curved toward the earth;
the bridegroom hugs the trunk.

IN WHICH I DREAM OF THE DETROIT AMEN

Huge black men in rubber boots stand
at opposite ends of a blue industrial
sump. The liturgy calls for them to
pass the rubber body-suited dead back
and forth — antiphonally. This is done
with barbed deacons' staves. The dead
remain remarkably constant and fresh,
although featureless. This is how one
sings the Detroit Amen, mistaking
change for resurrection, knowing spring
awaits only the melting of metal snow.

THE PILLOW

It oozes sleep to feed on,
to make you fat:
to give you back your face.
The noose,
the mask,
the axe,
the beaver,
the guillotine;
the helmet,
with and without
oxygen —
nothing yet has
been devised as
clever for
holding the head
during the terrible
buffeting of dreams.



EDITORS' NOTE

The editors are pleased to present the first issue of The Nantucket Review, a journal of literature and the arts. Evolving slowly over the past two years out of a series of readings at The Brotherhood and Nantucket Bookworks, the idea for this magazine was conceived during the past winter.

The Review was originally planned as a publication of work by Nantucket writers and artists. The editors later re-thought this policy of isolation and decided to gather material from friends in various parts of the mainland. At some point, unclear now even to us, word of our intended publication ricocheted around the country in a kind of chain reaction. We then decided to expand the publicity program our friends had started. Our broadcast for material was, and continues to be, well-answered. The result is the work in this issue, which we hope our readers will enjoy as much as we do.

The Nantucket Review is published by the editors with the support of friends, private sponsors, and subscribers. We would like to express our sincere thanks to Len and Nancy Rackowski for the tremendous amounts of time and energy they have donated. We are also very grateful to Pat and Chris Key for their interest, their support, and their many favors.

The second issue of The Nantucket Review will contain fiction by Joseph Gleeson, photographs by Gene Mahon and Robert McCurdy, work by Michael Crawford, poetry by Patrick Waites, John D. Franklin, Andrew Grossbardt, Barbara Dalton, William Keens, Joel Wallerstein, and a group of young French writers, plus the work of many other contributors.

The dimensions of the original aquatints reproduced on pages 34 through 37 are: Via Serragli (5 3/4" by 4 1/4"), Country House (12 3/4" by 9 1/2"), Wauwinet House (12 3/4" by 9 3/4"), and Alexander's Apartment (12 3/4" by 9 1/2").

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